

Sharukaha's Story

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this is my life story please comment ^_^

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| | |
|--------------------------------------|----------|
| Chapter 1 - Sharukaha's Story | 2 |
| Chapter 2 - Sharukaha's Story | 3 |
| Chapter 3 - Sharukaha's Story | 4 |

1 - Sharukaha's Story

My name is Sharukaha, my mother belonged to the Uhiha clan. When she married my father she was disowned. They were happy together, but that all changed after their first year of marriage. My father began to have an affair with a young woman (maybe three years younger) before I was even born. Then my father realized that he loved the young woman and no longer loved my mother. Sadly my mother was pregnant with me and the young woman was also pregnant. My father wanted to marry the woman, but my mother was in the way. So he poisoned my mother and saved me by giving her a C section with a keni knife. My father then married the young woman and two weeks after I was born they had a baby girl. Her name was Tenten.

2 - Sharukaha's Story

Tenten and I were raised as twins till "our" 13th birthday. My father and my step-mother told me how my mother died and how Tenten is my half sister. That night I cried and ran away to where my birthmother used to live. The Uchiha clan property. That's when I first met Sasuke. I was walking through the streets when I heard someone training. I hid behind the corner of the building. I watched him kick, punch, and stab. Then out of the corner of his eye he saw me.

"Who are you, what do you want?" he yelled grasping the kani knife. I pressed myself against the wall. "Show yourself!" he threw the knife at me. I countered with my bladed fan.

"I want nothing, but to know who I am." I stepped out of the shadows and threw my fan with the knife stuck in it at the wall. "My mother was apart of this clan. I thought I might find some answers here."

3 - Sharukaha's Story

He just stood there staring at me. So I stared right back, I was wearing what I always wore: tube top with short sleeve fishnet underneath, mini skirt with capris under the skirt, and shoes. "Stop staring at me like that," I turned away "you're creeping me out."

"You said your mother belonged to this clan," he said changing the subject "do you know what her name was?"

"Sharina," I responded "at least, that's what I think my father said it was."

"I think she was my father's cousin"

"What does that make us?"

"Second cousins, but I'm not sure. It's pretty late don't you need to get home?" he asked changing the subject again.

"yes but I ran away."